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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

FRANCIS B. SPINOLA.

MAR. 26, 1892, AND FEB. 25, 1893.

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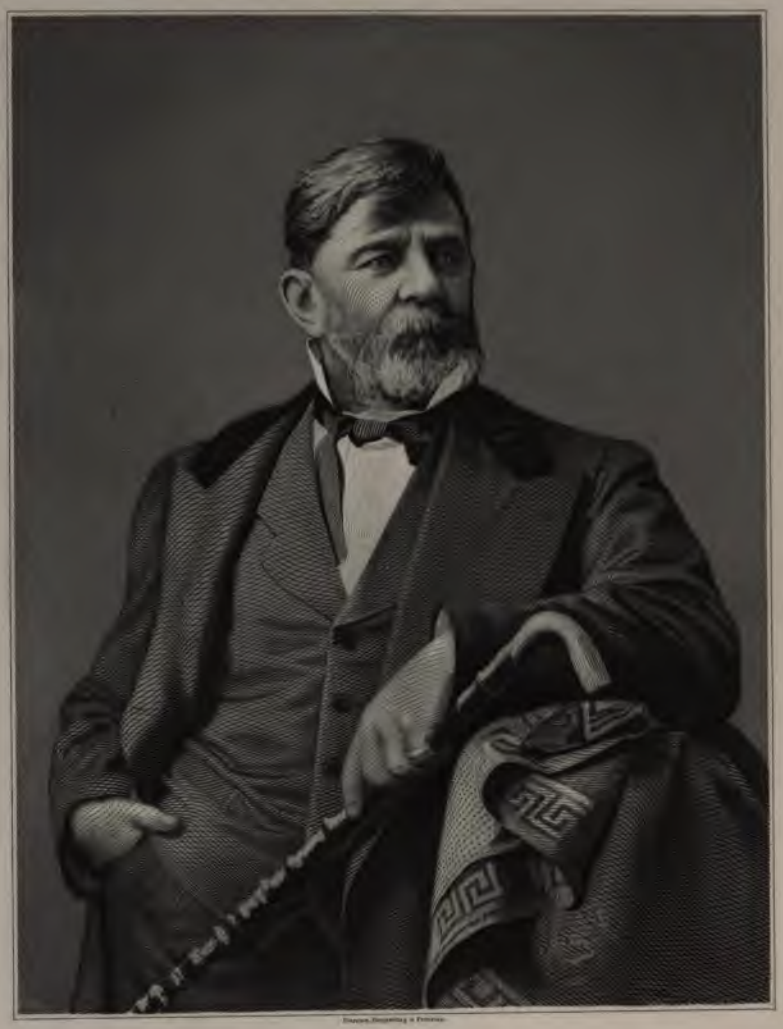

Hon. Francis B. Spinola.

MEMORIAL

LIFE

FRANCIS

Hon. Thomas B. Reed

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

FRANCIS B. SPINOLA,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM NEW YORK,

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

1893.

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Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the Hon. Francis B. Spinola, late a Representative from the State of New York, 8,000 copies, which shall include 50 copies to be bound in full morocco, to be delivered to the family of the deceased, and of those remaining, 2,600 copies shall be for the use of the Senate and 5,350 copies for the use of the House of Representatives; and the Secretary of the Treasury is directed to have engraved and printed a portrait of the said Francis B. Spinola to accompany said eulogies.

Agreed to in the House of Representatives July 29, 1892.

Agreed to in the Senate December 15, 1892.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

JANUARY 27, 1892.

Mr. COCKRAN, of New York. Mr. Speaker, it is with sincere sorrow that I announce the death of Hon. FRANCIS B. SPINOLA, a Representative from New York in the Fiftieth and Fifty-first Congresses and also a Representative-elect from that State, and my immediate predecessor. Later in the session I shall ask the House to take appropriate action in regard to his death.

I ask the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. FRANCIS B. SPINOLA, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate a copy of these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

The question being taken, the resolutions submitted by Mr. Cockran were unanimously adopted; and in accordance therewith (at 4 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

EULOGIES

ADDRESS OF MR. COCKRAN, OF NEW YORK.

MARCH 26, 1892.

Mr. SPEAKER: I rise to move the adoption of a resolution expressing the feeling of profound sorrow with which this House has learned of the death of FRANCIS B. SPINOLA, late a member from New York.

The span of Gen. SPINOLA'S life, lasting as it did, some seventy years, covered a period of the deepest interest in the history of the world. Born during that period of torpor into which the world seemed to have sank at the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars, he reached man's estate about the time when the great inventions of the railway and telegraph began to multiply the activities of the human race and to broaden the boundaries of civilization.

He was always deeply interested in the development of our national institutions. At an early period of his career he took an active part in the political contests of his State. He was several times chosen by the people of his neighborhood an alderman of the city of Brooklyn, and subsequently he became a member of the senate of the State of New York.

When the country became plunged in the throes of civil war and the life of the nation was staked on an issue of arms he drew his sword in defense of the Federal Union.

When peace was restored he again became active in the public life of his State. He was several times elected to the State legislature from the city of New York, where he had fixed his residence after his retirement from the army, and in 1886 he was chosen a Representative in Congress and continued to serve as a member of the House to the end of his life.

During his long career he was always a vigorous fighter, but neither friend nor foe ever questioned his loyalty. He had many political opponents; he had no personal enemies.

With the doctrine of secession he would tolerate neither discussion nor compromise, but he regarded the civil war as ended when the last Confederate soldier had surrendered his arms. As his political opponents were his personal friends in private life, so the men whom he faced on the field of battle he regarded as his fellow-citizens and brothers after the restoration of peace.

Firm in his friendships, generous to his opponents, loyal to his party, faithful to the Union, diligent in the discharge of his public duties, his long career in the service of his country is fittingly crowned by the unanimity with which his memory is honored this afternoon by the Representatives of the Nation.

ADDRESS OF MR. CURTIS, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: In rising to support the resolutions of my friend from the Tenth district of New York [Mr. Cockran], in which he pays a deserved tribute to his predecessor in this House, Gen. SPINOLA, I shall confine myself to a general statement of his public services, making particular mention of two or three notable incidents in his career while in the civil service of his State and as an officer in the army battling for the preservation of the Federal Union. To others I leave the conge-

nial duty of commenting on the qualities he displayed and the services he performed while a member of this House.

FRANCIS B. SPINOLA was born in the county of Suffolk, State of New York, on the 19th day of March, 1821. His ancestry was of different races. His father was an Italian, and I have been told that he could have rightfully been a member of the societies of St. Patrick, St. Andrew, St. George, and St. Nicholas. Whether or not this be true, his mother was the daughter of an officer who served through the revolutionary war, and she gave to her son the wit, the sturdiness, the persistency, the loyalty, and the versatility of temperament characteristic of all these races. He received an academic education and entered upon business pursuits before attaining his majority. At 22 years of age he was elected an alderman and served five years in the common council of the city of Brooklyn; later he was elected to the board of supervisors of King's County, serving three years.

In 1853 he was elected to the New York assembly, continuing four terms, serving on important committees. In 1857 he was elected to the State senate; was reëlected and served four years. He was a member of the Democratic national convention which met in Charleston, S. C., and later in Baltimore, Md., in 1860. He was an earnest supporter of Douglas and contributed much by his persistent efforts and skillful management in securing his nomination to the Presidency. Gen. SPINOLA was the last survivor of the New York delegation to that convention. He joined, with many other members of his party in New York, irrespective of differences which had existed among them in the convention, in urging a union ticket to consist of representatives of each of the three candidates opposed to Lincoln.

The success of the Republican candidate was grievously disappointing to him, and he indicated in his positive and

uncompromising way his thorough dissatisfaction. He neglected no opportunity to declare his hostility to the incoming administration and his unyielding opposition to any and all political measures it might propose.

When the flag was struck at Sumter and the President issued his proclamation of April 15, 1861, calling for 75,000 men to uphold the Constitution, maintain the laws, and preserve the Federal Union, the legislature of New York was about completing its labors for final adjournment. Governor Morgan sent a message to the legislature advising the immediate enactment of measures to enable the State of New York to fill her quota under this call.

The bill for enrolling volunteers was introduced into the assembly, briefly discussed, and passed by an overwhelming majority the same afternoon. Great interest was felt in the action of the senate, which met in evening session, to consider the military bill. Soon after the bill had been reported from the committee having it in charge Senator FRANCIS B. SPINOLA took the floor; expectation ran high. It was not only what should be the response of New York to the President's requisition for more than one-sixth of the men called for, but the character of that response as indicated by this first act of the legislature, which would express the sentiment of the people of the Empire State respecting a vigorous prosecution of the war for the Union.

Senator SPINOLA was a strong man, a leader and organizer in his party, known to be stubbornly opposed to the Federal Administration. His refusal to support this measure would indicate opposition to a vigorous prosecution of the war or a divided sentiment among the masses of the great cities, whose voices at that time had not been heard. He could speak for them perhaps better than any man who occupied a seat on that floor. He commenced by denouncing the Republican party for

its errors, and to praise his own for its prudence, wisdom, and devotion to the welfare of the country, and said:

War in any shape is a calamity, but more so when it assumes the shape of arraying brother against brother; but this is not the time for bandying words. War is upon us. The American flag for the first time has been torn down, and it remains for us to say whether it shall be allowed to trail or again wave in triumph. The Republicans by failing to agree upon a fair compromise, have brought this war upon us; but now that it is here, the Democrats are ready to fight the battles and fight as long as necessary. I believe that unless the request that has come from Washington is promptly responded to the President and his Cabinet will not occupy their positions in Washington on the Fourth of July. From this time onward you will not hear me say anything about party, but hereafter it will be my country.

And taking the Stars and Stripes from his desk, waved it in the senate chamber, declaring:

This is my flag, which I will follow and defend.

The merchants, the bankers, the professional men in the great cities, and the masses of the people throughout the State had come forward and declared their determination to support the administration in its efforts to preserve the Federal Union. These words of Senator SPINOLA, more than the utterances of any other man in the senate, gave assurance that the masses in the great cities were devoted to the Union and ready to enlist for its defense. With a wisdom and foresight possessed by few he urged the raising of large levies and the making of prompt, vigorous preparations for active hostilities. The legislature adjourned the following day, and he returned to Brooklyn and gave his influence and exertions to the raising of troops for the Union Army.

Later he was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers by the President "for meritorious conduct in recruiting and organizing a brigade of four regiments and accompanying them to the field," an appointment unlike any other made during the war. In 1861 it was not uncommon for men to be appointed to high positions in the Army because of political consid-

eration or sectional interests. The effect of many of these appointments on the success of military operations was scarcely less disastrous than the effort would be futile of teaching mathematics by introducing geometry as the first text-book instead of numbers and the four ground rules of arithmetic.

Yet, in the case of Gen. SPINOLA, he entered upon the duties of a position, to the proper and efficient discharge of which preliminary training and experience had been regarded as absolutely necessary to success, with such natural aptitude for acquiring the science and skill of military art, that he was able to draw from his associates and superiors such high commendation as the following extracts from the official reports of the operations of the Third Army Corps on the 23d of July, 1863, will show. Gen. Henry Prince, commanding the Second Division of the Third Army Corps, reports:

> At this juncture I received permission from corps headquarters to employ my division where I saw best. I then directed Brig. Gen. SPINOLA to march his brigade (The Excelsior) by the flank along the hollow, then in our view, winding to the front and center of the high ridge on which we stood, keeping on the lowest ground within it, and, on debouching from it by the left flank, to advance in line by his proper front up the hill he would find himself at the base of, and take it. This hill was the key of the ground occupied by the enemy's skirmishers.
>
> The line of the Second Brigade (The Excelsior) made its appearance at the base of the hill between 5 and 6 p. m., and began to ascend before its right was clear of the hollow or ravine, which did not give it so fair a start as might otherwise have been; but nothing can transcend the gallantry with which it rose to the crest and drove the enemy from it. In the moment of this success a second crest of the same hill, 200 yards beyond the first and confounded with it until this time, came into view, behind which the enemy rose from his prone posture as thick as men can stand, opening a furious fire of musketry. At the same time a six-gun battery, still further beyond, opened with shell.
>
> The severest part of the charge of the Excelsior Brigade was before it after taking the first crest, but without hesitation, with the determination of the Union soldier, and the fury of the hurricane, it took the second crest and exposed the enemy (scampering away from it) to fire while descending the one side of a deep, cleared hollow and climbing up the other.
>
> The simple narrative of this infantry exploit, unaided by any other arm

of the service, is the most just commendation that can be made of those who performed it. It is impossible to mention their names. Brig. Gen. F. B. SPINOLA, United States Volunteers, while leading his brigade towards the second of the crests taken by it, fell, wounded in two places, severely, but not seriously.

Gen. J. H. Hobart Ward, commanding First Division, Third Army Corps, reports:

Gen. SPINOLA, commanding Second Brigade, Second Division, formed his troops in a ravine in front of the enemy's position, and charging them in magnificent style, drove them from the field in confusion, the major-general, commanding the corps, witnessing the whole operation. In this charge Gen. SPINOLA was twice wounded.

Maj. Gen. William H. French, commanding the Third Army Corps, reports:

The Excelsior Brigade was selected to carry out my orders, and moved rapidly to execute them. Descending the precipitous slopes of Wapping Heights, they were directed upon the valley which separated the series of knolls in our front, behind the principal of which the enemy, perceiving the object of the movement, concentrated. The brigade was at once deployed at the base of the knoll, and advanced upon the enemy. Halting for a moment upon the crest of the hill, the line rushed upon the enemy with the bayonet, giving cheer after cheer and driving him back in confusion out of the gap. Nothing could be more brilliant than the conduct of the officers and men in this affair, evincing fighting qualities of the highest order. Brig. Gen. SPINOLA, who led and commanded the brigade, was twice wounded.

This man of civil pursuits, without military education or experience in the field, at 42 years of age, entered upon the duties pertaining to high military rank, and so acquitted himself in active hostilities as to win the commendation of educated and experienced soldiers, thereby furnishing strong evidence that he had that genius for command which is not the province of schools to create, nor experience to establish, when the natural elements are wholly wanting. Gen. SPINOLA through life was in touch with all the elements of our democratic society. At all times a partisan in discussing questions of public concern, he, in the hour of supreme national peril, rose to the highest plane of patriotism and performed the

duties allotted to him with unselfish devotion. When the calm succeeded the storm he again took his place at the head of his partisan column and contended for the adoption of his political principles in the conduct of public affairs.

Self-educated, self-established in business pursuits, he entered the profession of the law, not with a view of practicing at the bar, but as the means of attaining greater efficiency in the performance of duties pertaining to public life. He filled the positions of alderman, supervisor, assemblyman, State senator, harbor-master, brigadier-general of volunteers, twice again in the New York assembly, and three times elected to Congress, covering most of the time from his majority to the day of his death. All but two of these—brigadier-general of volunteers and harbor-master—he attained by the suffrages of his neighbors, a proof of his popularity and ability. He had a striking individuality, which could be neither imitated nor disguised. He never lagged in the support of friends or principles, nor wearied in his contests with those from whom he differed.

ADDRESS OF MR. CUMMINGS, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: The old warrior was just threescore and ten. After living the time allotted to man he gave up the ghost. His stubborn spirit at last yielded to the inevitable. He died as he had lived, front to the foe. He faced death at the final hour as he had faced it on the field of battle—undaunted and without fear. His career had been long and conspicuous. He was familiar with the highways and boulevards of life. Its byways were not unknown to him, and he had trodden its most sinuous paths. Yet he had carried high his crest. His faculties were alert and resolute.

Asking no favors, he was always in battle array. Ambus-

cades could not unnerve him. Indeed, surprise was almost unknown to him. The inevitable alone could overpower him. He was ever on the attack. His defense was aggression. He invariably met an assault with an assault.

There was very little of the cavalier about him. He was a Roundhead Moss-trooper, ever on the foray. A rough rider, he was unyielding in discussion and merciless in retort. Adamantine in spirit, he was soldered into his opinions. It required more than logic to loosen him. He could be melted only by working the blowpipe of human sympathy. For, although positive in character and action, he was not misanthropic. There was a quaint phosphoric light in his intellectuality. It had the play if not the scope of an aurora. It enlivened his social relations and endeared him to his friends.

New acquaintances were warmed by the glow of his geniality. There was fire in his eyes, life in his gestures, and earnestness in his speech. His face indexed his character. Determination had done its work upon his features. It was the face of a warrior; yet the expression was tempered with good humor. The floor of the House seemed native to him. Long experience elsewhere had made him familiar with the paths of legislation. No trapper ever paced a mountain trail more confidently. Never did he falter for a word. A quick thinker when on his feet, his tongue kept pace with his brain.

Woe to those who interrupted him, for he handled the rapier and the claymore with equal facility. Once, and only once, standing in the shadow of the mace of the sergeant-at-arms, did he yield to the overbearing disposition of the Speaker. It was in the last hours of the Fifty-first Congress. Furious at his headlong assault, the Speaker mounted the steps, brushed aside the temporary occupant of the chair, brought down the gavel, and peremptorily ordered his ruthless assailant to take his seat. Sullenly and with a look of

defiance he obeyed. The assault had been made because the old warrior had been refused recognition to call up a bill providing for the erection of a monument over the bones of the martyrs of the British prison ships. There was Revolutionary blood in the old man's veins. In early life he had seen the wrecked timbers of one of these floating hells, and had heard details of the cruelties from the lips of the soldiers of the Revolution.

Patriotic to the core, Gen. SPINOLA was a true Democrat. He stood upon the Constitution, and upheld the rights of the States. An ardent advocate of home rule, he was the implacable foe of centralization. He was devoted to the interests of the many rather than to the interest of the few, but he never allowed the interests of the many to trespass upon the rights of the few. He championed the rights of labor, and resisted the encroachments of monopolies. Never robbing others of their rights, he was jealous of his own privileges and prerogatives. He was of the people and for the people. He asked no more for his constituents than he was willing to give to others. He was as broad as his country. While deprecating extravagance in public expenditures, he advocated liberal appropriations for the development of its resources and for internal improvements. He did not believe in tying the arteries of trade with a protective tariff. He believed that commerce was the life of all nations, and that it took charge of the interests, the movements, and the intercourse of all mankind. Its restriction drained the lifeblood of the great city which he in part represented. It impoverished the people and enriched the trusts.

Sir, no more thorough political partisan than my late colleague ever breathed. He loved his party as he loved his country, and he loved his country as he loved his life. In his party he believed he saw the only party of the people. He

loved its leaders as he loved his tried friends. Its enemies were his enemies. Entire devotion to the party organization was his rule of political life. The Mugwump he regarded as an unclean bird—a harpy that reveled in the feast uninvited, and defiled every dish that it touched.

To act in public affairs seemed to be a passion with him. For more than a quarter of a century he represented either New York or Brooklyn in legislative assemblies.

Indeed he may be said to have belonged to public life for a much longer period, for he was an active worker in political organizations which had an essential influence upon public affairs since his boyhood. He had neared his manhood when Gen. Jackson went out of office. When the Albany Regency was at its zenith his was a prominent figure in the primary elections. The regency was a voluntary association of distinguished Democrats whose determination in party affairs was generally accepted without question. It embraced such names as William L. Marcy, Martin Van Buren, Azariah C. Flagg, and Edwin Crosswell. It was considered by far the most influential political body in the United States. It never assumed to dictate, nor did it claim the slightest political authority. Its strength lay in the sagacity of its suggestions.

Young SPINOLA, although at first a Whig, was undoubtedly conversant with its power and influence. It left its impress upon his political career. In after days his contests were waged in strict accordance with its desires. When it waned and Tammany came to the front, he joined that organization. He was conspicuous in its mass meetings and at its councils. His heart was enwrapped in Tammany. Never from the day he entered it to the day of his death, did he swerve from his fealty. It is easy from this to work out the sum of his political faith and action. It is comprised in the words Democracy and discipline. No other crown did he ask; no other exaltation did he desire.

Mr. Speaker, I knew FRANCIS B. SPINOLA for thirty years. He once told me that he was of Italian lineage. Italy is a land that has been tempest-tossed by war and passion even as its great founder is said to have been tossed by land and sea. Since the fifth century its history has been divided into eight periods. Each has been one of tumult. It is the land of the pomegranate and the vine, of beautiful skies, of love, of poetry, of painting and of sculpture. It was there that the lights of ancient literature went out, and there that the renaissance began before the last rays had faded from the horizon. It was an Italian who gave the Old World a new world; It was an Italian who brought countless worlds within our view.

I know not from what particular family our friend sprang, but there were traces of Rienzi, Masaniello, Savonarola, and of the Montagues and Capulets in his composition. Even Machiavelli had left his mark. One characteristic, however, was preëminent. The Italian loves Italy as the land of his birth. SPINOLA loved America with an Italian devotion. Her flag was as precious to him as the *fleur de lis* to a Bourbon or the cloak of the prophet to a Mohammedan. He drank from a perennial spring of patriotism. It was the spirit of his fathers in the Revolution.

Mr. Speaker, thrice since the dawn of the new year have I addressed the House on occasions of this kind. Circumstances have required it. It is by no means a duty to be coveted. Yet no one should shrink from it. It does seem to me that when a member is dropped from the roll of the living, something definite should be said to show what manner of man he was. With this object in view, I have paid this tribute to my dead friend.

As a companion he was sociable and entertaining. As a soldier he was vigilant, intrepid, and amenable to discipline. As a legislator he was watchful, industrious, and energetic.

As a man he was far above the average. His friendships were warm, and his enmities bitter. His domestic relations were extremely pleasant. He not only gloried in being a Democrat, but in being a Tammany Democrat. At all times and under all circumstances he was its champion, armed to defend it. He believed the organization necessary to the success of his party, and the success of his party essential to the public welfare.

What others and what I have said, in my opinion make up the man as he lived, and it is by no means a moderate distinction.

ADDRESS OF MR. WHEELER, OF ALABAMA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Our revered and honored brother who has passed away was one of the members of this body whose lives extended back toward the beginning of the history of our country as one of the nations of the earth. Though not an old man, he was one of the few who touched elbows with the heroes of the Revolution; and his associations during his long and eventful life were with the men who made New York the great metropolis of the world. In everything pertaining to that city Gen. SPINOLA took a most commendable pride. We all remember his eloquent speech in this House when he recounted the boyish awe and admiration with which he regarded the brave men who fought from Lexington and Concord, in 1775, to the final victory at Yorktown in 1781—men to whose patriotism and courage we owe the Government under which we live.

Although very young at the time, he was one of the procession that marched with uncovered heads, bearing upon their shoulders the remains of the victims of the British prison ships from their temporary resting-place to their final entombment

at Fort Greene, in Brooklyn. These ceremonies most vividly revived the historical associations connected with the occasion when the representatives of the thirteen States met in New York and conveyed these remains from the graves on the coast where they had been hastily buried by the British.

As the gentleman who has just taken his seat spoke of the interest that Gen. SPINOLA took in these patriots, it would not be improper for me to recall some of the facts concerning these martyred prisoners of Wallabout Bay. I read, Mr. Speaker, from a work published by the Tammany Society in 1808. This is a precious volume, only 115 copies having been published. In describing the prison ships, it says:

> Suffice it to state merely that during the Revolution the British had stationed at the Wallabout, Long Island, nearly opposite the city of New York, a number of prison ships, on board of which it was the fate of those Americans who had become prisoners of war to be placed. The principal of these was the Jersey, the remains of whose hulk are still to be seen on the Long Island shore—

And that was the ship the gentleman from New York mentioned had been seen by Gen. SPINOLA—

> the John, the Scorpion, the Strombolo, and the Hunter. From these floating dungeons, the hearts of whose keepers must indeed have delighted in the "luxury of woe," the bodies of our countrymen, having gone through the preparatory stages of suffering and death, were taken on shore at the Wallabout and thrown scarcely beneath the surface.

It is impossible to learn with accuracy from any records the number of men whose lives were destroyed by the brutal and inhuman treatment which was inflicted upon the prisoners in these vessels. The report which I have before me says:

> It is ascertained, however, with as much precision as the nature of the case will admit, that upwards of eleven thousand died on board the Jersey alone.

With the 70,000,000 people we have in the United States to-day, with the stupendous war of 1861-'65 fresh in our minds, during which the Federal Government placed 2,859,132 men under arms within the short period of four years, we are apt

not to appreciate the full meaning of the death, on one ship alone, of 11,000 prisoners, taken from the small army which was contending for our liberties. The report of the Secretary of War, May 10, 1790, shows that the number of troops, including Continental soldiers and the militia, enlisted during the war of the Revolution averaged but 43,000—at some periods a few more and at other periods less.

From other sources I find that the number actually killed in battle during the Revolution was but 2,200. We therefore see that the number of men, many of whom were actually murdered on the Jersey, was one-fourth the strength of the army, and exceeded by fivefold the number killed in action in all the battles of the war. The heroic spirit of our departed friend was not the first to appreciate the nobility of these martyrs, but that honor belongs to the ancient and honorable society of which he was a prominent member. Nearly ninety years ago the Tammany Society prepared a memorial to Congress, which was presented to that body on February 10, 1803, by the very distinguished Samuel L. Mitchell, then a Representative and afterwards a Senator from the State of New York.

After stating that John Jackson, esq., had tendered an eligible piece of land as a place of solemn depository for these victims, the memorial says:

> If the ancient Grecian republics—if Athens, the noblest of them all—raised columns, temples, and pyramids to commemorate those who fell in the fields of Marathon and Plateæ in defense of their country, can America be backward, and yet just, in paying her tribute of respect to the memories of citizens who, equally patriotic and meritorious, perish less splendidly in the presence of unheeded want and cruel pestilence.

The memorial to Congress, which is too long for me to read in its entirety, then proceeds:

> Without trespassing further on the time of your honorable House, we would briefly suggest that after preparing a decent tomb, where the precious relics of these victims for the nation may rest undisturbed and sacred until the Great Spirit has decreed the resuscitation of the dead and the

final consummation of all things, we would wish to see erected some monument that may endure the rage of time; neither lofty, nor sumptuous, nor magnificent, but which may, nevertheless, inform future ages, "Here lies the remains of an immense multitude of men who, preferring death to the sacrifice of their honor and the fidelity they owed to their country, perished in the prison ships at New York."

It appears that Congress did not make an appropriation, and as far as I can learn there was no bill introduced, and no action at that time taken further than the presentation of the memorial, an extract from which I have read. In the mean time, however, John Jackson executed a deed conveying the land to the Tammany Society; and in 1808 Mr. Jackson, as chairman, and Benjamin Romaine, the grand sachem of the Tammany Society, perfected arrangements for removing the bodies from the shore to the place selected, which, as the account says, Mr. Jackson had adorned by "planting trees of of an appropriate description."

When the preparations were completed there was witnessed one of the greatest exhibitions of patriotic feeling ever exhibited in this country. On page 81, in giving an account of the proceedings on that occasion, we find these words:

The detachment of artillery filed off and took post on a hill adjacent to the place of interment. The colors being planted and the company of marines having taken their station, Benjamin Romaine, grand sachem of the Tammany Society, accompanied by the Master Builders and the Tammany committee, performed the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the vault. The eye of every spectator was anxiously turned upon the scene. The most profound silence prevailed. It was a moment big with patriotic and exalted and enthusiastic feeling. It seemed that the recollections and sensibilities of America were concentrated, and that the debt of gratitude to the memory of 11,000 of our brave but unfortunate defenders, which it belonged to the nation to discharge, was about to be canceled.

The following is the inscription upon the stone:

In the name of the spirits of the Departed Free. Sacred to the memory of that portion of American seamen, soldiers, and citizens who perished on board the Prison Ships of the British at the Wallabout during the Revolution.

There was also engraved on the corner stone these words:

This is the corner stone of the vault erected by the Tammany Society or Columbian Order, which contains their remains. The ground for which was bestowed by John Jackson, Nassau Island, season of blossoms. Year of the discovery the 316th, of the institution the 19th, and of American independence the 32d, April 6, 1808.

Mr. Joseph D. Fay, a member of the Tammany Society, and a distinguished lawyer of the city of New York, was appointed the orator of the day.

In describing the suffering of these men, he says:

But the sufferings of those unfortunate Americans whom the dreadful chances of war had destined for the prison ships were far greater than any which have been told. In that deadly season of the year when the dog star rages with relentless fury, when a pure air is specially essential to life, and even the bosom of indolent ease pants to catch it from the "turret and the hill," the British locked their prisoners, after long marches, in the dungeons of a ship infected with contagion and reeking with the filth of crowded captives, dead and dying. In vain did the terrified prisoner remonstrated and beg for pity; he was hurled alive without mercy into this nauseous grave, and no reasoning, no praying could obtain from his stern tyrants the smallest alleviation of his fate. Yet there was one condition upon which he might be spared the tortures of this slow but certain death, and that was enlistment in the service of the enemy.

It was this hallowed resting-place of our martyrs which was visited by our friend in his boyish days. It was here he imbibed those patriotic inspirations which became part of his life and so remained until his death.

And I read these, Mr. Speaker, because I remember the night when Gen. SPINOLA made a speech in this Hall asking that an appropriation should be made to commemorate these martyrs by a suitable monument. He described the cruelty of the British officer Fraser, in South Carolina, to his prisoners, and read a description of their sufferings with a fervor which could only have come from that great-hearted and chivalrous man.

He read the insulting offer of the British officer, inviting his prisoners to join with the enemies of their country and

their noble response, and then quoted the language of the officer, who said:

"Go then," said this officer to these martyrs of the prison ships, "go to your dungeons in the prison ships, where you shall perish and rot. But first let me tell you that the rations which have been hitherto allowed to your wives and children shall from this moment cease forever, and you shall die assured that they are starving in the public streets and that you are the authors of their fate."

A sentence so terribly awful appalled the firm soul of every listening hero. A solemn silence followed the declaration. They cast their wondering eyes one upon the other, and valor for a moment was suspended between love of family and love of country. Love of country at length rose superior to every other consideration and, moved by one impulse, this glorious band of patriots thundered in the astonished ears of their persecutors: "The prison ships and death or Washington and our country."

In closing his oration the Tammany orator said:

On this day we lay the corner stone of their tomb. Their ashes hitherto have been blown about like "summer's dust in the whirlwind," but the marble column shall rest on this spot and tell to future ages the story that they had to choose death or slavery, and that they nobly elected the former. Perhaps their spirits are this moment on the wings of the wind, hovering over our heads and smiling on the pious tributes we now humbly pay to their memories. In this sepulcher shall their white bones be gathered. It shall overlook the scene of their probation, and be at once a monument to American gratitude and of English barbarity. The curious mariner shall point at it in silent admiration as he passes at a distance, and posterity shall call it the tomb of the patriots.

The devotion of Gen. SPINOLA to the memory of these patriots justifies, I think, my recalling these scenes and ceremonies.

Could it have been possible for any one to have read of these patriotic proceedings or to have heard them recounted by any one who witnessed them, without having the fires of patriotism kindled in his heart? They found a ready response in the heart of young SPINOLA, and the inspiration which then took possession of him remained warm and bright until the day of his death.

It was very natural that these impressions, made upon his mind in early youth, should have crowded upon him with renewed

strength in his later years and stimulated him in his efforts to induce Congress to honor these patriots by erecting a monument to commemorate their heroic endurance and to mark their graves. The highest type of manhood, nobility, and chivalrous generosity himself, he could not but admire such qualities in these heroes of the past.

As I first learned to know and esteem Gen. SPINOLA when he entered this Hall, I shall leave to others who knew him throughout his long and noble life to tell of his great services to the Empire State, to whose honor and interests that entire life was devoted. Whether as a statesman or a soldier his services were in the highest degree honorable and eminent. As a State senator of New York, and as one of the ablest Representatives of that State in this Hall, he was ever ready with his great ability and irresistible fervor to defend the traditions, the honor, and the interests of the imperial Commonwealth he loved so well. Every member of this House was impressed with Gen. SPINOLA'S positive characteristics. He possessed the courage of his convictions to a degree seldom found among men. His strong and well-balanced mind fathomed every question, and after divining what his judgment approved as the right course no power on earth could swerve or shake his determination.

As a general on the field of battle no officer of the Army of the Potomac achieved greater distinction than Gen. SPINOLA for bravery and determined courage. In battle after battle, though often wounded, yet always undaunted, he led his troops with an intrepidity which won for him the applause of his army and his country. From the beginning of the war until its close his fortune, his services, and his life were all freely offered to the cause he had espoused; they were all, without a reservation, laid upon the altar of his country.

Inspired by the unparalleled devotion of the patriots of the

Revolution, his whole soul yearned to emulate the example set by them for the imitation of the true men of future generations, and to keep alive that spirit of devotion to country which made it possible for our forefathers to achieve our independence. Would that these patriots could look from their sacred graves and behold the spirit which animated them so beautifully and forcibly exemplified in the character and career of the one whose virtues we have assembled here to commemorate.

ADDRESS OF MR. GEISSENHAINER, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. SPEAKER: Again the undiscovered country calls us to its frontiers, bids us offer an affectionate farewell, and to draw the pall upon the bier of another brother who has gone to become a participant in its hidden mysteries; mysteries in which the promised glories are to be revealed, the cherished hopes to be fulfilled, and the weary traveler to find an eternal rest; mysteries which bring reward to life well spent and place the faithful nearer to his God; mysteries which fulfill the evidence of things unseen and realize the substance of things hoped for.

This undiscovered country can not be entered without the summons of that grim messenger whose duty it is to recruit the army of the shadow world. His summons is one of peace to those prepared to receive and enter the happy life beyond, where no places can be desolated and no firesides made vacant. His summons, often rather a kindly invitation, is made to young and old alike; to the new-born infant and to the one whose mete of years is full. To all he comes; his imperative command exempts no strength or degree of life. National halls oppose no barrier to his approach. To the last Congress he appeared fifteen times, reserving our late brother to close the list.

Throughout this capital city are noted many places wherefrom our public servants have been bidden. Within the sound of this very Chamber is marked the spot whence one who had occupied the most exalted station in the people's gift was suddenly called away.

Again this House is assembled to offer the homage of reverent memory to one who gathered with us here. His bier is now before us and we have come to lay upon it with gentle hands, as the last tribute permitted us to offer, flowers of tender regard and jewels of affectionate friendship. We too would come to deposit our humble testimonial, not hoping that it will increase but simply mingle with the sweet odors already breathing there.

During the several years we were sheltered beneath the same roof it was permitted us to enjoy more than a casual acquaintance with the venerable brother and thus to know him as he was and understand his nature.

He had long served the people of his State in legislative halls, and comprehended them and their requirements. This knowledge enabled him to serve them here in his latter years, where no desire of theirs remained unsatisfied. Beneath a brusqueness was hidden the earnestness and devotion which characterized his labors.

Gen. SPINOLA had served his country and exposed himself to the dangers of the battlefield. He bore with much discomfort the wounds received at Wapping Heights, where he successfully made a brilliant charge against an outnumbering force that was protected by a stone wall and supported by artillery. It was, probably, owing to the wounds received in this gallant affray that Gen. SPINOLA'S life was shortened. From his military experience he seems to have acquired that untiring persistency with which he ever advocated the cause of the veteran.

The great ambition of his Congressional life was to secure

the erection of a monument to the heroes of the hulk-ships martyrs, whose bones after bleaching long upon the sands were placed by private hands within a vault near Wallabout Bay; a generous but unfitting tomb for remains of men as brave and true as they had been.

In this connection many will remember Gen. SPINOLA'S untiring exertions. At all times, in season and out of season, he left no means untried to accomplish what patriotism had thus far failed to perform.

No martyr monument was to be a laurel for the General, but his efforts to secure its erection will be ever borne in mind. The last words he uttered in this Chamber were in its behalf. And yet a monument stands to his memory, in the erection of which a pension was obtained for a once prominent political opponent and an unjustly sullied reputation vindicated.

Gen. SPINOLA had served two terms in this House and was entering upon a third. Here, being gifted with a keen sense of humor, he often by his apt sayings and quick repartees restored the sunshine and drove away the lowering clouds. With unswerving allegiance to his party household he warmly resented unkind allusions and manifested the value of a friendship that stands unshaken amid the raging storms. Yet no one took offense, and his peculiarities in speech, manner, and in attire served only the more to endear him to his colleagues of both sides. Of genial, kindly, social disposition, he made and had no personal enemies. To the coterie that gathered about him during the evenings everyone was welcome. To rekindle the camp fires and fight anew the battles was a favorite subject whenever the distinguished war governor of Pennsylvania came in their midst. They recalled the end of others and looked upon fleeting time with no fearing eyes. There came a time when the tales were almost told.

Gradually the veteran drew near the age around which the

river winds. His days began to wane and were as flowers that close at set of sun. Upon the river bank he lingered waiting to cross to the beauteous groves beyond, and at length there came to him in a ripe old age the realization of the last words of Gen. Stonewall Jackson: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

ADDRESS OF MR. CAMPBELL, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: I rise to participate in these sad services, realizing the great responsibility and aware of the lack of ability on my part to do justice to the memory, virtues, and statesmanship of our deceased friend and brother, Gen. FRANCIS SPINOLA. However, I ask you to bear with me and make allowance for my imperfections, and to accept the assurance that but for the love I have for his memory, I would not venture upon such a task. He is dead, and all that is left of him is the small particle of clay which lies cold and silent in the tomb. It is hard to think we will never hear his ringing voice again in this Hall. He is not dead—his spirit lives—it is abroad. A man dies, but his memory lives. His life, character, and virtues will always be cherished by and live in the hearts of his friends until they become no more.

Men of his character and fame never die. How few there are who loved him in life that do not mourn him in death, realizing all that was great and kind in his character—a citizen and a soldier of the purest manhood, his every undertaking was a triumph. In faith, in feeling, in practice, in all the ardent aspirations of his soul, FRANCIS B. SPINOLA was a Democrat of the purest Jeffersonian type. It was impossible indeed from the very nature of his moral and intellectual organization that it should be otherwise.

Sprung from the people, with the most delicate appreciation of their inherent rights, with the liveliest solicitude for their individual happiness and social prosperity, with an abounding confidence in their capacity to control their own affairs, and detesting from the innermost depths of his being everything savoring of unfairness, inequality, or oppression, his highest ideal of political organization was a government of the people, by the people, and for the people—a government instituted for the benefit of the governed, and not for the aggrandizement of the governing class, a government so administered as to secure equal and exact justice to all with exclusive privileges to none. Of his religious views he rarely spoke, and then only with his most intimate friends. He preferred to exhibit the principles of his creed in his practice instead of proclaiming his sentiments from the house top. They were too sacred for the coarse ribaldry of the vulgar scoffer.

But those who lived nearest to his heart and were permitted to look in upon the secret chamber of his inner life found there not only the pleasing longing after immortality which filled the soul of the ancient philosopher, but the most serious and childlike faith in the full realization of that Heaven-sent hope through the priceless promises of the gospel.

FRANCIS B. SPINOLA was born at Stony Brook, Long Island, March 19, 1821; was educated at the Quaker Hill Academy in Dutchess County, New York; was five times elected an alderman, three times elected supervisor of the county of Kings, served six years as member of the assembly of the State of New York, and four years as a senator; was appointed brigadier-general October, 1862, for meritorious conduct in recruiting and organizing a brigade of four regiments and accompanying them to the field; was honorably discharged from the service, August, 1865, after having been twice wounded; was a delegate to the

Democratic national convention which met in the city of Charleston in the spring of 1860.

Gen. SPINOLA'S death leaves Mr. Hugh McLaughlin, his colleague, the last survivor of the great body of distinguished Democrats that represented the Empire State in that convention. Gen. SPINOLA was elected a member of the Fiftieth and Fifty-first Congresses, and also reëlected to the Fifty-second. Married in early life, he was blessed with a companion who went with him in all his trials and rejoiced in all his triumphs. She was in full sympathy with all his intellectual exertions. A sympathetic nation joins in her sorrow for her illustrious dead.

Gen. SPINOLA loved his country with the fervor which should characterize a patriot whose ancestors had fought in the Revolution; his grandfather had drawn the sword of a captain in that glorious struggle. What his father fought for and established he maintained. His voice and pen were both dedicated to the institutions of his country. The perpetuation of constitutional government was the aspiration of his youth, the aim of his most vigorous manhood, and the solicitude of his declining years. The mad passions of sectional hate never burned in his bosom, the unmanly utterance of sectional prejudice never polluted his tongue.

Our flag was emblematic to him of one country and one people. The brightness of each star and the whiteness of each stripe told him of a great Government where every State had a right to administer its domestic concerns in its own way, yet where all the States were cemented together in the bond of constitutional union for the general welfare and the common good. He ever contended for the observance of the Constitution. He was always found in the ranks, or rather in the lead of those who struggled to maintain the rights of men. He took high rank in whatever field of intellectual labor he entered. Whether we view him as a student or statesman

he was the same—strong in intellect, eloquent in speech, warm in his friendship.

Mr. Speaker, when another century shall have passed away, when the State of his birth shall have attained 10,000,000 population and the city of his adoption shall have become the metropolis of the world, as it is now the metropolis of the continent, when the glorious Republic shall have a quarter of a billion of people and the student of history looks back to the first century of national existence, whenever his mind lingers to revel in the delights of literature or of deeds of men, FRANCIS B. SPINOLA will be recognized as among those who loved his country and his race.

And, Mr. Speaker, I hope and pray that his soul is at peace with God, and while his body lies in its own beloved Greenwood, his friends will keep him green in their hearts.

ADDRESS OF MR. BELDEN, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is with feelings of sadness in common with my colleagues that I join in their tributes to our deceased friend, FRANCIS B. SPINOLA. We cherish his many virtues and qualities, which time only can efface from the minds of those who knew him so well in this life. Nothing but the love I have for his memory would induce me to speak now. My acquaintance with FRANCIS B. SPINOLA began more than thirty years ago, and from the time I first met him until his death we were friends. I remember him at the close of the session of the senate of New York when he spoke so earnestly on the bill to appropriate $10,000,000 for the defense of the Union. Those who witnessed that closing session will never forget the enthusiasm of both branches of the legislature, of both parties, at the firing of the first gun on Fort Sumter.

Gen. SPINOLA loved his country with intense enthusiasm. He was ready to maintain and risk his life for the Union which his ancestors had fought for in the Revolution.

His grandfather was a captain in Washington's army, and remained such during the entire war.

FRANCIS B. SPINOLA was born at Stony Brook, Long Island, in March, 1821. He remained there until he was 10 years of age, and was then sent to the Quaker Hill Academy at Poughkeepsie, where he remained for five years; he then came to New York, as many farmer's sons have done, to enter on a new career. His life, from the time he came to the great city, was a busy one. He was elected five times as an alderman, three times to the assembly, and three times as a senator to the legislature of the State of New York.

In the war of the rebellion he commanded a brigade of volunteers, and at Suffolk, Va., in 1863, when he was wounded; and the wounds there received were really the cause of his death.

At the close of the war he returned to the city he loved and engaged in mercantile pursuits. Afterward, entering again into political life, he was honored by his party with an election in the Fiftieth, Fifty-first, and Fifty-second Congresses.

He was a delegate to the Charleston Democratic convention of 1860, and one of the few survivors at the time of his decease of that memorable assemblage, which ended in the disruption of the Democratic party and which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln and the downfall of slavery.

Gen. SPINOLA was a friend and associate of Stephen A. Douglas, Governor Seymour, Chief-Justice Sanford E. Church, Dean Richmond, and other eminent men who have passed over to the silent majority.

It is a consolation to his friends to know that in his illness and last hours he was surrounded by his loving family, soothed and sustained, while his soul was passing to his Maker.

ADDRESS OF MR. HOOKER OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. SPEAKER: I had the pleasure first to meet our deceased brother, in honor of whom these obsequies are held in the House to-day, in the Fiftieth Congress, to which he was elected a member, as I was myself. With great propriety the then distinguished Speaker of the House [Mr. Carlisle], in assigning Gen. SPINOLA to a suitable sphere of duties on the committees of the House, placed him on the Military Committee. I had the honor to serve on that same committee, and thus it chanced that we were thrown intimately together during the period of that Congress.

I say that he was appropriately placed upon that committee, because during the war he led the life of a military man. He had exhibited great devotion to the side upon which he enlisted. His whole heart and soul and mind and life were devoted to the cause. And yet he was one of those liberal men who wore the blue during that contest between the States who understood that when that war terminated it terminated by a capitulation between the contending forces; and he not only bore no ill-will to the men against whom he fought and who fought against him, but he recognized that the surrender of Lee to Grant was upon given, express terms, and that the surrender of Johnston in North Carolina to Sherman was the same, except that it was upon terms more favorably expressed.

Those terms were that the men who wore the gray in that conflict should lay down their arms, retire to their homes, and yield obedience to the laws of the Government; and in return the distinguished leaders of the Union Army stipulated that they should receive the protection of the laws of the Government. Gen. SPINOLA well understood that those were the

terms of the capitulation, and therefore, when the war was over, he gave the right hand of fellowship to the men who had been in conflict against him.

It was my fortune to be one of those contending on the other side, whom he did the honor to call his friends; and, Mr. Speaker, although I only returned to the city on yesterday, after an absence of some days, I do not feel that it would be proper for me to permit this occasion to pass without paying my humble tribute, in addition to that which his distinguished colleagues have appropriately paid in more elaborate addresses. I deem it my duty, therefore, to say something in reference to what I knew of our departed brother, and to bear my testimony, in common with those who have expressed it in more formulated style, to the manner in which he demeaned himself as a legislator in these halls.

His advent here was marked by a recognition of the distinguished services which he had rendered in former legislative bodies of which he was a member. As has been well said by his colleagues, he had been distinguished for his services, and, as was fittingly said by the gentleman from New York who last spoke [Mr. Belden], he had been long known and distinguished in both houses of the legislature of the great Empire State for the same character of ability which he manifested here. Gen. SPINOLA was an earnest man; he was an honest man; he was a zealous man; he was an outspoken man; he was a man who came to the front whenever the party to which he was attached was imperiled, and yet a man who, when his country was imperiled, could forget his party and rise to the dignity of the higher duty which devolved upon him as a patriot. His career has been spoken of by a friend of his, who gave me a simple memorandum containing a statement of its chief features, and I may be permitted therefore to read from that memorandum a brief epitome of the life of Gen. SPINOLA.

He was born at Stony Brook, Long Island, on March 19, 1821; was educated at Quaker Hill Academy in Dutchess County, New York; was five times elected an alderman, three times a supervisor; served six years as a member of the assembly of the State of New York, and four years as a senator; was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers, October 25, 1862, for meritorious conduct in recruiting and organizing a brigade of four regiments and accompanying them to the field. He was honorably discharged from the service in August, 1865, after having been twice wounded during his military service. He was a delegate to the Democratic convention which met at Charleston in the spring of 1860; was elected to the Fiftieth Congress; was reëlected to the Fifty-first Congress, and was also reëlected to this, the Fifty-second Congress.

This is a brief statement of the public positions which he held; and when he came here he took rank in this high arena of debate with the oldest and the most experienced members. He brought to bear that element of character in a legislator and a debater which I consider more important than the power of oratory. The old orator of Latin days said that oratory consisted of "action," "action," "action." If I might be so bold as to venture upon a correction of the definition of the word from so high a source, I should say that true oratory consists in earnestness, earnestness, earnestness. And it was this element which emphatically tinged every feature of the character of Gen. SPINOLA. He was an efficient member of the committee to which he belonged, a faithful representative of the constituency which he had the honor so ably to represent here. Though oftentimes feeble in health, he was always found at his post of duty when in the city, constantly in his seat as a Representative here, constantly in attendance upon the meetings of his committee; and no man fulfilled the duties of

a Representative with a truer sense of the responsibility to his constituency than did Gen. SPINOLA.

It has been referred to by my eloquent friend from Alabama [Mr. Wheeler] who spoke in commemoration of my friend, Gen. SPINOLA, that there was one subject to which he seemed particularly devoted, one topic upon which he never tired of speaking, one cause that to him was dearer than all others. It was the cause of the dead. Most men who speak, speak for the applause of the living. Most men who speak are doing so because they have a constituency who are to respond to their addresses. He spoke for those who had been buried for a century, who had died in the prison ships of the British Government off the island upon which he lived. He spoke in able and earnest terms. He gave a history of the manner in which those men had lost their lives.

He stated in his speech and in the report of which he was the author, a report made from the Military Committee, to which he belonged, that the loss of life on the British prison ships in the war of the Revolution was absolutely greater than the loss in all the battles both by sea and land in that seven years war. It was a memorable thing, and he felt that the country owed a debt of gratitude to those who had suffered and died in this cause. He pointed in the speech which he made to the fact that we were making suitable provision for those who had survived the war between the States, by granting them pensions; that we give pensions to the widows and children of those who perished in that war. Then he said, here are 11,000 men whose bones lie bleaching on the shores of Long Island, near the bay where the prison ships of the British were anchored during the war of the Revolution. Some generous-hearted people in Brooklyn had gathered those bones together and given then decent interment.

He gave a history of the case, and appealed to the Congress

of the United States, while they were paying pensions to the living, to the survivors of the Revolution and the war of 1812 and of the war between the States, that a common sentiment of justice, of humanity, of love for those who had perished in those prison ships in the war which gave birth to the Republic ought to animate the Congress of the United States to make a simple donation of $50,000, which was all he asked.

I remember, as he arose from his seat just in front of the Speaker, that he addressed the House with so much earnestness upon this subject that his appeal was so powerful that every man in the Hall listened to him. And I believe that had he survived and been a member of this Congress the stern energy, the devoted patriotism which characterized him, would have eventually crowned his efforts with success. I can not pay his memory a higher tribute than by reading from the Record of the Fiftieth Congress what he had to say when that bill was under consideration. I hope, therefore, that the members of the House will bear with me while I turn to the Record to recall the words in which he expressed himself. I read from pages 6559–60 of the Congressional Record of July 10, 1888:

Mr. SPINOLA. Mr. Speaker, history establishes the fact that there were more lives sacrificed in the prison ships in which the British confined the prisoners of the American Revolution than were lost in all the battles of that war. Eleven thousand and five hundred were sacrificed, men who had their liberty at command on any day when they would consent to abandon the cause of the colonies and enter the British Army. There was no one day during their long confinement and suffering but the provost guard approached them and offered them their freedom if they would embrace the British cause; and, to the credit of twenty thousand American patriots who suffered on board those prison ships, there never was but a single one who betrayed his country and left his associates and joined the British service. [Applause.] Now, sir, I will ask attention for a minute or two while I read from the history of the Wallabout prison ships and the martyrs who died there.

I will cite one case where the British had captured a company of American soldiers in South Carolina, and the Hessian captain who commanded the enemy offered those men their freedom if they would go into the British service. Said he, after they had refused his offer:

"Go, then, to your dungeons in the prison ships where you shall perish and rot. But first let me tell you that rations which have been hitherto allowed to your wives and children shall from this moment cease forever, and you shall die assured that they are starving in the public streets, and that you are the authors of their fate."

That was the declaration of that British officer to the company of American patriots that had been captured in South Carolina. A sentence so terribly awful appalled the firm soul of every listening hero.

"A solemn silence followed the declaration. They cast their wondering eyes one upon the other, and valor for a moment hung suspended between love of family and love of country. Love of country at length rose superior to every other consideration, and, moved by one impulse, this glorious band of patriots thundered in the astonished ears of their persecutors: 'The prison ships and death, or Washington and our country!'"

[Applause and cries of "Vote!" "Vote!"]

* * * * * * *

The bones of the patriotic soldiers who died in the prison ships were put in the temporary tomb, which was erected by Benjamin Romaine, the grand sachem, who had been instrumental in gathering them together and who owned the ground on which the tomb was erected. In 1842 the city of Brooklyn asked to have the bones turned over to it for appropriate sepulture. In reply to that application Mr. Romaine wrote:

"I have guarded these sacred remains, with a reverence which perhaps at this day all may not appreciate or feel, for more than thirty years. They are now in their right place, near the Wallabout and adjoining the navy yard. They are my property. I have expended more than $900 in and about their protection and preservation. I commend them to the protection of the General Government. I bequeath them to my country."

Thus it will be seen he gave them to the United States; he gave them to his country.

"This concern is sacred to me. It lies near my heart. I suffered with those whose bones I venerate. I fought beside them. I bled with them."

This man belonged to the army himself; he went through the whole seven years' service under Washington. He has given the remains of these men to the American Republic. If they had not died the martyr's death that they did we would have had, in my humble judgment, no American Republic to-night. Those men died to create the Union. We respect and venerate those who in later years have died to protect and preserve the Union; why should we not remember those by means of whose sufferings the Republic itself was established?

This monument, where it is proposed to erect it, will overlook the very spot on which these men died. It will overlook the battlefield of Long Island; it will overlook the place where the gallant Maryland regiment suffered death when the Brisish drove them into the water. It will overlook New York Bay, the East River, and the Sound. There is no more fitting place on earth for such a monument to be erected than that proposed by the bill under consideration. I appeal to the generosity and

patriotism of the American people. I ask gentlemen here to-night, in the name of justice and right, to join in perpetuating the memory of these men who died as martyrs for their country.

There is nothing so indelibly fixed on my mind as that which was painted there the first time I saw the tomb of these men. It was over sixty years ago, when I was a small boy. For fifty years the society which gathered these bones raised the flag over them on the 4th of July. That ceremony ceased to be observed because the city of Brooklyn took possession of these remains, and they are in its charge now. I believe that the American people, if this question were submitted to them, would vote almost unanimously for any sum which might be named for this purpose. We are paying to-day $160,000 a year for the maintenance of the cemeteries in which sleep our Union dead. That is right. We are paying $40,000 or $50,000 to provide monuments or grave stones for those who have died in the service of the country. We are spending $60,000 or $80,000 a year for the construction and maintenance of roads by which these cemeteries can be approached.

All this is right. Sir, on the passage of this bill, if the thing were possible, I would have the name of George Washington called. He would vote "ay." So would his compatriot, Lafayette. [Applause.] Everybody will vote for this measure except that British officer in the corner yonder [pointing to the picture on one side of the Hall] and the Hessians who stand behind him. They will not vote with us. I do not believe there is a Hessian on the floor of this House; therefore I expect a unanimous vote in favor of the passage of this bill. [Applause.]

I hope, sir, that these patriot martyrs shall not, now that Gen. SPINOLA is dead, want an advocate for this common act of justice on the part of the American people. His mantle in this Congress, to which he was elected, has, by the choice of the people of the Tenth Congressional district of New York, fallen upon one of the most distinguished lawyers of that city, renowned not only for his power at the bar, but as an orator. While he thus steps into the shoes and falls heir to the mantle of Gen. SPINOLA, I hope he will be inspired with a desire to carry out the effort of that gentleman during his lifetime to secure this simple act of justice to the martyrs who died in the British prison ships, and that the news may be carried to him in that other world, where he has gone to receive his reward, that if he did not succeed himself, his people have chosen a successor here who will still urge upon

the American Congress to do that act of duty in the endeavor to procure which Gen. SPINOLA spent the closing years of his life.

It was my pleasure frequently to enjoy his most cordial welcome and enlarged hospitality in this city. It was also my pleasure on one occasion to accompany him from this city, and to accept the hospitality of that political society to which he was proud to belong. There, in his company, I shared the hospitality of Tammany Hall; and whether here, in his commodious quarters, presided over with so much grace and elegance by his accomplished and devoted wife, or whether in that hall where he had so often sat with his comrades who agreed with him on political questions, he dispensed hospitality with that rare grace and earnestness of manner which belonged to few men. Those qualities of earnestness, Mr. Speaker, and those qualities of genial hospitality attached men to him with "hooks of steel;" and when once they became known to Gen. SPINOLA, they never failed to love him.

Now, he has passed away; but we, who knew him in these Halls, follow him with our love. He has gone to that "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns." He has gone; and in our verdict, we pronounce that he possessed the character of an earnest, honest, and patriotic man. We now commit him humbly to the judgment of Him whose all-seeing eye watches the sparrow as it falls and counts the unnumbered sands upon the seashore and weigheth the hills as in a scale and the mountains in balances and measureth the waters of the earth in the hollow of His hand.

ADDRESS OF MR. COOPER, OF INDIANA.

Mr. SPEAKER: What we do and say here to-day is for the living, not for the dead. FRANCIS B. SPINOLA has passed away from earth. His account is balanced, and the books are closed. No word of ours can help or harm him now. If from a sense of bereavement or sorrow, or if by way of atonement for past indifference to merit, we make some demonstration over the graves of our friends this fact may reflect credit upon us; it may satisfy our consciences and allay our grief, but it can not affect the departed.

If the bitterness engendered in a life of toil and struggle should still be manifest; if the voice of opposition and the spirit of envy which assail and follow the living should find utterance against the dead, it would expose the weakness of our nature and the wickedness of the human heart; it would reflect upon the living but it could not harm the dead. In life a man's character belongs to him; in a certain sense it is his property; he is its builder; he must protect and defend it. When the work is finished and the workman is called away, that which is left belongs to the world; it is the property of the race.

It is for this reason that it seems to me not only proper but profitable to devote some time to the consideration of the lives of such of our colleagues as have fallen around us here, to put upon record our estimate of their character and to furnish to the world an inventory of its new acquisition.

Mr. Speaker, my acquaintance with Gen. SPINOLA began with the Fifty-first Congress, and my opportunities for study ing his character were limited to our two years of service here. During that time there were few men on this floor who were accorded more marked attention or respectful consideration. He was in many respects a remarkable man.

In the first place, he was a strong individuality; he was not a machine-made man. By some chance or other he had escaped the inexorable processes of our latter-day training which prunes every faculty and reduces every aspiration to a formula. He had some lines of character which neither fashion nor friction nor the so-called culture of modern society could polish away. He was unique and therefore interesting. Though representing a metropolitan district he had all the appearance and demeanor of a pioneer, and had he lived in one of our Western communities we should have called him "uncle" and made him governor of the State.

Mr. Speaker, it is unfortunate for our country and the times in which we live that the tendency is to dwarf the individual. At the doorway of our schools the children stand in line; having entered they are graded and classified, and the necessity for discipline and methods in dealing with numbers leaves little room for the orderly exercise or development of individual traits. Instead of dealing with the child as a plant which should be suffered to develop on all sides in obedience to the law of its nature and from the forces supplied from within, it is set in a row and trimmed so that the lines may be even and the general effect symmetrical.

This synthetic process has also obtained in other departments of life. Men must stand in line at the shop, at the ticket office at the theater, at the railway station, and even at the doors of our popular churches. The village blacksmith now stands among a wilderness of wheels, where he is known by number and not by name, and merely superintends a machine which is in itself almost automatic. Our Priscilla is taken from her spindle and her distaff, and she stands in line to watch the play of steam-driven fingers.

Mr. Speaker, just what should be done to arrest this process by which, like pebbles in the bed of a brook, we are all to be

rounded and evened up, just how in the midst of a multitude each one shall still be suffered to pursue his individual path, this is neither the time nor place to discuss. I have called attention to this condition in order to give emphasis to the character of him whose loss we mourn here to-day.

The lesson of his life is that, notwithstanding the evident tendency of the times is to group and label, to grade and classify mankind, it is possible for a man to realize the value of his own individuality, and that to develop and preserve the forces which are peculiar to each is to respond to the call of God within us and to execute his infinite purpose concerning us.

Gen. SPINOLA was a man of great courage. It was perhaps owing to the predominance of this characteristic trait that he was able to survive all the enervating influences of our modern so-called culture, and that he could not be brought either by compromise or compulsion to worship at its altar. I repeat he was a man of marked individuality; he bore no stamp or factory brand. He could create; he could not imitate. He could lead, but he did not know how to follow.

There was a little passage at arms here on this floor during the first session of the Fifty-first Congress between him and one of his colleagues from New York [Mr. Lansing], in which the latter paid to him, perhaps unwittingly, the greatest and most fitting compliment which, to my mind, could be framed into language. In discussing the question of prison labor Gen. SPINOLA had called attention to the evil consequences of bringing convict labor into competition with free and honest artisans, and in the course of these remarks he had referred to the position and demands of some labor organizations in his State. Responding, Mr. Lansing said:

> It was said of my friend and colleague from New York that when he was a soldier, if he saw a whole corps of rebels he did not think they were more than a corporal's guard, but now he seems to see in every labor organization of ten a whole election district.

And this may be taken as a key to his character. He was brave when his duty was clear, but he was afraid to do wrong. He could fight and lead in the front of battle; the loud-mouthed cannon and the saber's flash, the onset and shock of battle had no terrors for him, but as a conscientious and faithful servant of the people, when called to act where there was doubt or danger, he became fearful lest he might not clearly understand and fully record their wishes.

Mr. Speaker, the deceased was a kind and friendly man. As a humble Representative from a distant State I came here a stranger to this place, and from the first he gave me the most cordial and generous treatment. Now that he is gone, I gladly bear testimony to my impressions concerning him, and can truthfully say that to me he seemed strong, and brave, and true. His career on earth is ended, but the impression he leaves behind is clear and distinct, and it will become brighter as it is studied, and more precious in that day when the world learns that her richest treasures are the names of her brave and manly men.

Mr. CUMMINGS. I ask for the reading of the resolutions sent to the desk at the beginning of the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the Hon. FRANCIS B. SPINOLA, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. CUMMINGS. Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore* (Mr. Wilson of Missouri in the chair). In accordance with the second resolution just passed, the House stands adjourned until Monday, March 28, at 12 o'clock m.

Accordingly (at 3 o'clock and 46 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

EULOGIES.

FEBRUARY 25, 1893.

Mr. HILL. I now ask that the resolutions from the House of Representatives relative to the death of the late FRANCIS B. SPINOLA may be laid before the Senate.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives; which will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the Hon. FRANCIS B. SPINOLA, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. HILL. I offer the resolutions, which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. FRANCIS B. SPINOLA, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That in the death of Gen. SPINOLA, the country has lost a gallant soldier, an able and faithful Representative in Congress, and an esteemed and patriotic citizen.

ADDRESS OF MR. HILL, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The resolutions passed by the other House during the last session of the present Congress duly informed us of the death of FRANCIS B. SPINOLA, of New York, an honored Representative of that body. The delay in taking action thereon in the Senate has been occasioned solely by a misapprehension as to whose province it was to call up the resolutions and institute further action. The death of Gen. SPINOLA occurred before I took my seat in this Chamber, and he having been of my own political faith my colleague kindly and courteously waited for me to take the initiative in the proceedings to appropriately pay tribute to the memory of the deceased.

The elaborate eulogies upon the character and public services of this distinguished citizen in the other House, which have already been placed upon the records of Congress, render my task a brief one. His immediate associates, with whom he had served in Congress so long and acceptably, have in their able and interesting addresses described the incidents of his early life, the details of his successful business career, his political achievements, the laurels which he won as a soldier, his abilities as a debater, and his many excellent qualities of mind and heart. Not caring to repeat what they have so fully delineated, I content myself with a bare reference to the positions which he filled and honored, the triumphs which he secured, and the general characteristics of the man.

Permit me to remark that few men in Congress have been

more frequently or highly honored. He enjoyed a long, varied, and brilliant public career, evidencing the full confidence of his fellow-citizens, and the general satisfaction with which he discharged every public trust. He was alderman, supervisor, several times an assemblyman in New York, State senator, brigadier-general of volunteers, and three times elected to Congress. His rise was not sudden. He did not jump from obscurity into exalted position, unprepared for the discharge of great duties. No freak of fortune or of politics brought him to the front; but he was a plodder, a worker, a faithful, industrious, and energetic citizen, and largely the architect of his own deserved success.

He was a partisan in the best sense of the term. He believed in his side. He regarded party organization as essential to permanent political success, and he never despised the ladder which had repeatedly elevated him to power. He was also a patriot and a soldier. He was a fighter by nature and taste; he loved strife. He was quick to resent a wrong, and always ready to forgive. He was impulsive, clear-headed, brave, and generous.

He was not only true to his country—he was true to his party and to his friends. He believed in personal friendships in public life, and he hated his "enemies, persecutors, and slanderers."

Competent military men and critics believe that had the right opportunity occurred, he would have shown himself to be one of the great soldiers of the times. The records of his gallantry are found in the archives of the nation, and in the general orders and reports of his superior officers.

He was audacious, courageous, and firm, and was apparently "born to command." He loved his soldiers, and they in turn loved him.

His record in Congress was most creditable. He was a

ready debater, quick at repartee, full of sarcasm, and had a keen appreciation of the humorous. It is safe to say that in Congress he was able, alert, patriotic, and zealous in the performance of his high and responsible duties. His friends believed in him—loved, honored and respected him.

I knew him as a leading citizen of New York, as a prominent and trusted business man. I knew him an eminent member of the legislature. I knew him to be a true friend.

Columns of eulogy are not needed to show our appreciation of his public and private services, or to evidence the loss we have sustained in his departure. He has fought the good fight and gone to his reward. A good man has fallen, and the people mourn. More brilliant, more able, more renowned men have adorned seats in the Congress of the nation; but none more patriotic, none more sincere, none more trustworthy than FRANCIS B. SPINOLA.

ADDRESS OF MR. HISCOCK, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Gen. SPINOLA was a marked character in the State of New York where he was born and lived all his life, the State he represented in the other branch of Congress at the time of his death. Entering public life at the age of 22 years he was continuously, until the time of his death, about fifty years later, before the people of his State, representing a constituency, either in the city of his residence, at the State capital in Albany, or in the Congress of the United States.

It is rarely that a member of a political party maintains the hold he did upon his party organization and the people of the community amongst whom he lived for so long a period of time. That is especially true of public men in the State of New York. He never aspired to be the absolute leader of his

party. Those men fell or were displaced by others; but Gen. SPINOLA in all the changes which took place, held a prominent position and possessed the confidence of his friends and constituents.

Sir, while this was true of him, he was a man of strong convictions, and positive opinions, and expressed them in language that was neither uncertain nor equivocal.

Gen. SPINOLA maintained his mental vigor to the last, and doubtless the hold which he retained upon his party was due largely to that fact. Never since I had the honor to know him has there been a time when he was not a trusted counselor in the political organizations of his party. His life was mainly devoted to politics and to political matters, yet he was not a careful builder of political fortunes, and the position which he held so long was not due especially to his adroitness or manipulations, but his success was rather the result of his bold, audacious championship, and the absolute confidence in his integrity entertained by his friends and concurred in by his opponents.

He was the survivor of a generation of leaders of the Democratic party in New York—great men—who held a marked place in national and State councils; and I sometimes think that with their death and with the death of men like Gen. SPINOLA, the last survivor whom I now recall of that class of men in the State of New York, the country has lost largely, because there has been a loss of their methods and that high integrity in political management which they dictated.

Gen. SPINOLA scarcely attained a great national reputation; and that is true of very many able and influential citizens of New York in public life then, who content themselves with the honors and positions which are bestowed by their friends and their party in their own State rather than seek national reputation or position. He, however, was possessed of such ability

that had he, earlier in life, sought a position in the national Congress or in connection with the National Government, he could have sustained himself as ably there as he did in the legislature of his own State or in the other positions with which he was honored at home.

Mr. President, I move the adoption of the resolutions submitted by my colleague.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Mr. HISCOCK. I offer, Mr. President, the resolution which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolution will be read.

The resolution was read, as follows:

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on the adoption of the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to; and thereupon (at 5 o'clock and 23 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, February 27, 1893, at 11 o'clock a. m.

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